The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1894. NO. 42

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

To take effect on Saturday, March 31, 1894.

Steamers leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 and 10 a. m. 2 15 and 4 p. m.

Returning, leaves Philadelphia, Chestnut St. wharf, at 7 30 and 11 45 a m. 2 and 4 45 p. m.

Sundays, leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 8 15, 10 30 a m., 3 and 7 p. m.

Returning, leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 8 15 a. m., 2 45 and 6 30 p. m.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

For Philadelphia, leaves Bristol 8 30 A. M. Returning leaves Arch Street, Philadelphia, 2 30 P. M.

Sundays, leaves Bristol 8 45 a. m., 3.45 p. m.

Returning, leaves Philadelphia 10 15 a. m., 5 15 p. m.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

In effect November 19th, 1893.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2 46, 5 35, 6 30, 6.51, 7.19, *8.12, *8 28, *9.11, 9.29, 9 58, A. M. 10 05, 12 56, 1.17, *3.03, 4 02, *4.58, 5.43, 6.25, *7 00, 8 30, 9.27, 10.33 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.23, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 8.00, 8 50, 9.28, *10.33 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12 01, 3 20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.34, 8 30, 9 35, *11.11 (Saturday only) A. M. 12 01, 1.10, 1 50, 2.43, 3 32, *4.14, 4 20, *5.00, 5.25, *6 00, 6.05, 6.21, 7 27, 9.17, *10 00, 11 15 P. M. Sunday trains, 12 01, 7 40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5 52, 7.27, *8.12, 10 25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.30 A. M., 2, 5, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 10.40 A. M., 3, 6, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15, 10 00 A. M., 1.00, 1.10, 7.20 P. M. Closes at 5.15, 10.00 A. M., 1.00, 3.30, 6.00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

MILLIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—*Shad are scarce and high.*

—There was an arrest made last week for fast driving.

—Union Signal Meeting of the W C T. U, next Wednesday afternoon, at 4 P. M.

—A large delegation of Bristol Republicans attended the State Convention at Harrisburg.

—If the powers that be do not hurry, the trolley will get here ahead of the next Postmaster.

—The "Birthday Sociable" will be held this evening, at the Presbyterian Church, at eight o'clock.

—Rev. Dr. Beeber, of Norristown, Pa., preached in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday, morning and evening.

—Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M, will hold a strawberry festival at Riverview Hall, on next Wednesday evening.

—The Bristol Lodge of the Order of Tonti held a meeting on Wednesday evening to take some action on the wreck of the order.

—The children throughout Bristol are requested by H. Clay Beatty Post to collect flowers for the purpose of decorating soldiers graves.

—The "Stumps" and the "Allen Grays" played an exciting contest on the Point, last Saturday afternoon. The "Stumps" won by a score of 25 to 23.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, May 21th, 1894: Mrs. Kate E. Johnson, Sem. Leberman, Mrs. Wm. Such, Mrs. J. J. B. Vandegrift, Mrs. Annie Whilley.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—The Key of Liberty Lodge, Jr. A. P. A., will give an entertainment consisting of concert, cake walk and tableaux, at Riverview Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 6th. The prize of admission is 15 cents.

—The Leafe Brothers, manufacturers of hosiery, remove their machinery &c to Winchester, Va., and will go into business at that place. While we are sorry that they leave Bristol, and we hope that they will meet with abundant success in their new location.

—James Duffield, residing on the John McGinley farm, near Bristol, while crossing the Mill street grade crossing last Saturday evening, was struck by a west-bound train and thrown against the gates. His thigh and arms were broken. He was sent to the University Hospital, Philadelphia.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grant, of Philadelphia, have returned to Bloomsdale for the summer.

Miss May Kidder of Tacoma, Wash., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Leech this week.

Mrs. William B. Jones and daughter, Maud, are spending a week in Washington, D. C.

Mr. W. F. Wetling, of Indiana, Pa., has been visiting his brother, Lewis C. Wetling, for several days.

The engagement of Miss S. S. Lukens of Trenton, N. J., to Mr. M. R Massey of Eddington is announced.

Mr. A. [illegible] has returned from an extended business trip through the Southern States, Mexico and Cuba. He has been absent nearly nine months.

Sudden Death.

Eugene Highland, a well-known resident of Bristol, died suddenly at his home on Cedar street, this morning at 11 o'clock, of heart disease. An hour or so previously he was on the street apparently as well as usual. Mr. Highland has resided in Bristol for a number of years. He was a faithful soldier during the war, and was a member of H. Clay Beatty Post, G. A. R. He was also a member of Hermione Lodge, No. 109, Knights of Pythias, and of Mohican Tribe, No. 127, Independent Order of Red Men. Some years ago, he was elected Clerk of the Orphans' Court of this county on the Republican ticket, his popularity in Bristol overcoming the then customary Democratic majority in the county. At the time of his death he was the Assessor for the First ward.

Board of Health Satistics.

There were nine deaths in Bristol during the month of April from the following causes. Old age 1; exhaustion due to ulceration 1; premature birth 2; stillborn 1; cancer 1; asthereia 1; phthisis 1; diabetis 1. There were three marriages during the month and twenty-one births

The first six months of the operation of the Health Board closed on the 1st inst. During that period there were 63 deaths in the borough. Assuming that the population is 7000 the death rate per annum is 18 to the 1000 population. There were but three deaths from communicable diseases, viz: three from typhoid fever. There were seventeen marriages and eighty-two births within the same period.

—As will be seen in our advertising columns, the School Board invites proposals for an issue of $15,000 four per cent. bonds, to be disposed of at the highest premium they will command At the present time there is no debt on the school property of Bristol borough, and the taxable property of the School District which may be assessed to provide for the payment of the interest and liquidation of the principal of these bonds, according to this year's valuation, is a little less than $2,300,000, requiring an assessment of only a little more than half a mill on the dollar to pay the interest and redeem the bonds within the period for which they are to be issued.

It is apparent that these bonds are exceptionally desirable as an investment, being first class in every particular. They will be subject to no tax except the light one which the State imposes, and they ought to, and no doubt will, command a good premium. None of them will be paid off in less than five years, and in all probability the bulk of them will extend ten years, and perhaps twelve.

Basing a calculation on the certainly of a five years' period, these bonds, at a premium of 4.61, would yield three per cent. on the investment; and at a premium of 2.28 they would yield three and a half per cent. For a period of seven and a half years the bonds would yield three per cent. at a premium of 6.67, and three and a half per cent. at a premium of 3.27.

Inasmuch as some of them will extend beyond ten years, it may be added that they would be three per cent. bonds for this period at a premium of 8 58; and at a premium of 4.19 they would yield three and a half per cent. as an investment for ten years.

—It is intimated that that prominent Democrat and distinguished citizen of Lower Bensalem, F. W. Headman, is after the appointment of Postmaster for Bristol. He thinks that he would be the proper stick to select from the present stock of timber available for the purpose. Mr. Headman is an ex-representative, an ex-candidate for the State Senator, is now, or was, a School Director, and is not averse to further political preferment. Make way for Headman!

—Idaho has 132 convicts, all males. Michigan has 563 convicts, all males.

Death of Capt. R. H. Morris.

On last Friday morning, Captain Richard H. Morris died at his residence on the banks of the Delaware, from a stroke of apoplexy received the day before. On Thursday morning he complained of not feeling well and laid down on a lounge, with instructions to be called in time to take the 9.14 train to the city. When called in time to take that train, he said that he would not go, and again resumed his position on the lounge. About eleven o'clock, upon attempting to rouse him, he was found to be unconscious. Dr. John Ward was called in, and Dr Morton summoned from Philadelphia, but all the efforts of the physicians to restore him to consciousness were unsuccessful, and he died, as above stated, about 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

Captain Morris was one of Bristol's prominent citizens. He was born in Philadelphia in 1840, and, with his parents, removed to Bristol in 1842. In 1856 he was engaged in business in New York City, but at the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company C, Ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, known as "Hawkins Zouaves." He was promoted from time to time and was in command of Company K, and also of a battery. He remained in the army until 1863. For some years he was engaged in the West India trade, and afterward, in 1882, became connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad as right-of way agent. Captain Morris, at the time of his death, was a member of the Union League, and of the Loyal Legion of the United States. He organized H. Clay Beatty Post, No. 73, G. A. R., and was its first Commander. For many years he was a vestryman of the St James Episcopal Church. Captain Morris leaves a widow and five children.

The funeral services were held in St. James Episcopal Church, on last Monday afternoon. A special train from Philadelphia brought up many Philadelphia members of the Loyal Legion, railroad officials and personal friends. There were also present some of the "Hawkins Zouaves," of New York. The church edifice was filled with the many friends of the deceased and his family. Members of the Loyal Legion were honorary pall bearers, and members of H. Clay Beatty Post, under command of Capt. Burnet Landreth, acted as body guard. At the conclusion of the services three volleys were fired over the grave and the bugle's funeral note proclaimed that the comrade in arms was at rest

In Memoriam.

"Can this be death? then what is life or death?
'Speak!' but he spoke not, 'wake!' but still he slept
But yesterday and who had mightier breath?
How many warriors by his word were kept
In awe; he said, as the Centurion saith,
'Go,' and he goeth; 'come,' and forth he step'd.
The trump and the bugle till he spake were dumb,
And now, nought left him but the muffled drum."

The kindly face of the late Richard Henry Morris, so familiar to a large circle of friends and acquaintances in the streets of Bristol, will never again be seen, though his excellencies of character can never be forgotten by those who knew him, for he was much beloved and universally respected.

It seems incredible that we shall never again hear the sound of that gentle voice; that that true and noble heart has ceased to beat; or the warm, trusty hand shall never again be extended in courteous greeting. We have only left to us loving memories.

A dreary spot were earth, did not heaven send us sometimes a great, good man, not all engrossed in getting means to live, but with life devoted to high and noble ends, interested in all that tended to elevate society, to relieve sorrow and suffering, and promote advancement in education, as also in the cultivation of arts and science. He had been for many years a vestryman of St. James' church, and devotedly attached to it; faithful to all its interests, both secular and religious; generously responsive to all its requirements. We cannot realize how much he will be missed in presence and in his official relations.

To her, who has been his devoted companion for so many years, we offer our tenderest sympathy.

He has left to his sons his highest legacy: the record of an unstained, unblemished life, and a most honored name and example.

What a world were this, how unendurable its weight, if they whom Death hath sundered did not meet again.

—The following deeds for Bristol property were presented during the past week: Joseph Paravicini to William Wilson, April 25, 1894, lot, $1,850. Ray W. Nevegold to Andrew Bauer, April 25, 1894, lot, $1,850. Franklin Taylor to Walter F. Leedom, lot, April 16, 1894, lot, $1,720. George A. Shoemaker to William G. and Henry M. Steel, May 1, 1894, lot, $200.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, May 23rd, 1894.—This has been an eventful and disastrous week in Philadelphia, the city having been visited by two of the great destroyers of men and human works—fire, flood, pestilence and famine. As a guard against the first, Philadelphia has one of the best and bravest forces of fire fighters, which is thoroughly equipped with all modern appliances for extinguishing flames, rescuing people and protecting property. The half million dollar fire on Sunday, which destroyed the Sichel and Dannenbaum stores at Eighth and Arch streets, brought out no less than 200 firemen and 18 steam fire engines. In addition to this were the hook and ladder trucks, two of the four chemical engines, the new water tower, the insurance patrol and all the policemen necessary to keep the big crowds at bay, keeping too curious people out of danger and from interfering with the work of the fire fighters. Inside the ropes, too, were the patrol and ambulance wagons, ready to hurry the injured to hospitals, where doctors, surgeons and nurses were in readiness to afford relief. It was the water tower's first baptism. The tower stands upon a truck which is run in front of a burning building. It may be extended up 65 feet, and, fed by six steam engines, throw, in one stream, the water from them all. Had it not been for all of these men and appliances the fire of Sunday would have burned up millions of dollars worth of buildings and goods. The purpose of the tower is to subdue the roaring flames inside of a building so that the hosemen may enter and play the water upon that part of the structure which most needs it and which most endangers adjoining property. As soon as the tongues of flame, which had been darting out of the windows, had been repulsed by the deluge from the tower, the firemen climbed into the upper windows, regardless of the dense smoke and weakened floors, and began the work which quenched the last smoldering emblem. A big fire makes a picturesque scene. The bright nickel and polished brass of the engines, the flaring red of the trucks and hose carts, the blue uniforms of the firemen and police, relieved here and there by white helmets and white gum coats and the conspicuous yellow helmets of the fire patrolmen make a picture which theatrical managers have tried in vain to reproduce.

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On Monday came the torrents of water sweeping down the Schuylkill and Delaware valleys, which were met by the flood tide and turned backwards until thousands of dollars worth of valuable property had been inundated. Disasters of this kind seldom occur here. Not since 1889 have the waters so raged. Consequently proper precaution is not taken to guard against destruction by floods. The waters are foul, and unless care is taken pestilence may follow in the wake of the flood. The city is well organized and equipped to fight off disease. During the fall, winter and early spring many people suffered almost as by famine, not because food was not plenty, but because they had not the means of purchasing it. Here, too, the city proved equal to the emergency, and by well organized charity kept the needy from starving and freezing. Aside from floods, earthquakes and cyclones modern civilization seems to be well able to cope with the enemies of mankind.

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Charles Heber Clark, who supervised the census of manufactures, has gleamed from the census reports some startling facts which, as secretary of the Manufacturers' Club, he has embraced in the annual report of the directors. He asserts that President Cleveland during the first year of his second term caused a greater money-loss to this country than was sustained by the civil war. The burden of the loss occasioned by the rebellion fell upon the South where most of the battles were fought, property destroyed and slaves liberated. The Southern people brought that disaster upon themselves. The burden of the anti-protection crusade has fallen upon the North, and the people of the North have brought this disaster upon themselves by placing in the hands of the South the club to strike the blow. Pennsylvania alone, or New England alone are more important as manufacturing communities than the whole South, and by striking a blow at protection the South has wrought disaster throughout the North. Secretary Clark has put facts and figures together to uphold these statements in a way which every Republican campaign orator should study.

F. D. M.

HEADQUARTERS

CAPT. H. CLAY BEATTY POST, 73, G. A. R.

Department of Pennsylvania.

BRISTOL, PA., MAY 21st, 1894.

General Order, No. 1.

1. The Post will attend Divine Service at the Baptist Church, Bristol, Sunday morning, May 27th. Comrades will report at Post Headquarters at 10 A. M., sharp, in G. A. R. uniform and white gloves.

2. Wednesday, May 30th, is Memorial Day. At 7 A. M., the Post will assemble at Post Headquarters where conveyance will be in waiting to proceed to the Bristol Cemetery. At 8 45 A. M., comrades will assemble at Post Headquarters and at 9.22 A. M., take train for Tullytown, returning at about 12 07.

3. At 1.30 P. M., every comrade is expected to report at Post Headquarters, at which time the Post will form, and at 2 P. M., the column will move and proceed to the several cemeteries and strew with flowers the graves of departed comrades.

4. Memorial Day is the festival of dead. The most generous instincts of our hearts prompt us to a willing obedience of the order for decoration. This day is eloquent with a patriotism which speaks not from the lips only. Let our soldierly deportment be such that we may worthily honor the graves we decorate, the memories we cherish, the flag we salute, and the Grand Army to which we belong.

By order of

ALFRED PEARSON, Commander.

WM. A. BARNHILL, Adjutant.

—Decoration day is near, and I am reminded of a little fact which may be interesting to your many readers. The late Lizzie S. Bailey, so long a teacher in the public schools, was the first person in Bristol to decorate the graves of the soldiers, buried here. She asked her band of little pupils, to bring some flowers, to lay upon the graves, and after forming them into bouquets and wreaths, she, and her young assistant, with the little children under their care, laid the pretty tokens of love and reverence on the graves. She spoke to them of the sad [illegible] choicest flowers were chosen for their graves. There was no ceremony, not even a song sung; but as they were standing in the Episcopal church yard, Mrs. Susan Hibbs, who used to lay out the dead, and who now has passed away, came through the yard, and joined the little group. Then they all united in repeating the Lord's prayer, and the little band quietly wended their way back to the school room, for there was no "Decoration Day" then, no holiday. I have forgotten the date. It was on a day in May, and I think either in 1871 or 1872.

Yours truly,

ANNA BAILEY KING.

Bristol, May 22nd, 1894.

The Line of March.

On Decoration Day, the members of H. Clay Beatty Post, with such invited organizations as may participate, will form at 1.30 o'clock, P. M, on Radcliffe street at Walnut, and march at 2 P. M. down Radcliffe, up Mill, up Bath, and countermarch at Buckley, down Bath and Mill street, up Wood to the Methodist Cemetery; thence to the Friends and Episcopal Cemeteries, up Wood to Washington to Radcliffe to the St. Mark's Catholic Cemetery; thence down Radcliffe through Mulberry street, and after service then dismissal.

Citizens along this line of march are requested to decorate their homes, and all flags should be displayed at half mast.

—The great downfall of rain in Bristol since last Saturday has not done any material damage in this immediate vicinity. The river has been high and much discolored. Leedoms Carpet Mills was forced to suspend operations for a day, and at Steel's the water had to be pumped out of the basement floor; the other mills were not seriously inconvenienced.

—The Republican State Convention met yesterday at Harrisburg and nominated the following ticket: Governor, General Daniel H. Hastings, of Bellefonte; Lieutenant Governor, Walter Lyon, of Pittsburg; Auditor General, Amos H. Mylin, of Lancaster; Secretary of Internal Affairs, James W. Latta, of Philadelphia; Congressman-at-Large, Galusha A. Grow, of Susquehanna, and George F. Huff, of Westmoreland. The candidates last evening re-elected B. Frank Gilkeson Chairman of the State Committee.

—Monday afternoon seventeen young ladies were graduated from the Training School for Nurses at the Philadelphia Hospital.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Death of Anthony Taylor.

Anthony Taylor, a former resident of Bristol township, and brother of Benjamin J. Taylor, of Bristol, died on Monday evening at his residence in Philadelphia, from the effect of cancer. He was engaged in business at 201 Walnut Place, Philadelphia, and was connected with a number of railroads and other corporations. He was also a member of Post 2, G. A. R.; the Union League and the Loyal Legion. Mr. Taylor enlisted in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry as a private and his services in the field gained him promotion to the captaincy of a company. He took part in all the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland, and was the recipient of a medal from Congress for conspicuous gallantry at Stone River and Chickamauga. Mrs. Taylor and two daughters survive him. He had a large circle of friends and business acquaintances, and was in all respects a gallant soldier and an honorable business man. The funeral takes place to-day from his late residence 1815 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

School Directors' Convention.

The sixth annual meeting of the School Directors' Association of Bucks county will be held in Doylestown today. The hour for convening is 10 o'clock a. m. Papers on the following subjects will be read and discussed:

"Work School Directors Should Have Done During Vacation." Dr. Charles R. King, Bensalem; Dr. J. Ernest Scott, New Hope; Hiram C. Wickert, Milford; Frank W. Scott, Northampton.

"The Basis Upon Which Directors Should Select Their Teachers." Henry W. Gross, Doylestown township; Dr. J. B. Heritage, Langhorne; Mrs. Ada B. Mitchell, Langhorne Manor; James W. Long, Durham.

"Are the Public Schools Accomplishing the Purpose for Which They Exist?" Dr. G. A. Parker, Southampton; J. Howard Gerhart, Telford.

"What is the School Board's Relation to the Work of Grading and Classifying the School?" Dr. William H. Kunsman.

—Since the success of Abington township, Montgomery county, in floating $50,000 worth of bonds for road improvement, the Town Council of Norristown proposes to issue bonds to a like amount for the erection of a new market, and Moreland School District has taken steps for an issue of $10,000 worth of bonds for building a new school-house.

—J. H. Carpenter, of Reading, Pa., the inventor of the steel shell that has done so much damage to Harveyized armor plate, says that he paid out $60,000 just to see the secret processes in use in two foreign steel works—one in France, the other in England. A tuition fee like this seems large, but Mr. Carpenter doesn't regret having paid it out, for it gave him some new ideas worth vastly more to him.

—Charles Harris, the Milwaukee man who wrote "After the Ball," is a favorite nephew, it seems, of Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus). The Georgia uncle provided for the education of the boy, who, now that the fame of his song has brought him in fortune, has repaid a part of his debt to his more famous relative by presenting him with a charming little lakeside property near Oconomowoc, the loveliest of the Wisconsin wateringplaces. This property was once owned by Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet.

Enough.

A pretty school mistress told a rather amusing story at the boarding house yesterday. She asked one of her classes to put the nouns "boys," "bees" and "bears" into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnny," said the school teacher, "what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'." The teacher did not call on any more of her class.—Boston Traveler.

—Miss Kate Knight of Byberry, has the reputation of being one of the most daring riders in the country. It is said the young lady performs feats surpassing the accomplishments of the Western cowboy.—Doylestown Republican.

Collecting the County Taxes.

County Treasurer Henry B. Banes has started on his annual collecting tour. Dollars will, therefore, says the Doylestown Republican, soon begin to jingle in the county's empty treasury. State, county, mercantile and dog tax will come in to the tune of thousands before the Treasurer's smiling countenance is seen in Doylestown again. And it is pleasant work collecting taxes.

Treasurer Banes enjoys his annual drive throughout picturesque old Bucks. Selecting some larger town as headquarters, daily trips are made to surrounding villages. Everybody gives the Treasurer a cordial welcome, notwithstanding the fact that he is after a portion of the people's money. His presence enlivens business at the hotels. Not that the custodian of the county's funds ever drinks anything, but some of the taxpayers do. But he is sure of a good bed and board wherever he may chance to stop.

Justin Harding, of Langhorne, will accompany Treasurer Banes this year as clerk. The first stopping place will be Erwinna. Starting from this point the Treasurer will take the upper districts of the county, then the middle, leaving the lower end until the last. The work will occupy his time until about August 2. Just how much money is to be collected has not yet been estimated. The tax collected in this way varies from year to year. This is illustrated in the case of Newtown. Last year the taxes there amounted to $3000, while upon other occasions the sum reached $5000 or more. There are sundry reasons for this. The assessment may vary, or the taxpayers may be too busy to meet the Treasurer when he makes his rounds.

The Treasurer's headquarters will first be at Riegelsville, where he will remain about one week. He will also make Quakertown and Sellersville headquarters for a time, driving to other places in the vicinity and returning at night.

Last year the collections amounted to $50,000 with the rate of 20 cents on $100 valuation, while this year they will probably exceed that amount, as the rate has been raised to 27½.

The Treasurer has observed that the least money is collected in some of the upper districts. The inhabitants of upper Bucks seem to prefer paying their taxes at the county seat.

The most money is obtained from the lower end of the county. The State tax must be paid before August 1, and the county tax before August 21 to secure an abatement upon the latter.

The work in some districts requires two days. The largest number of receipts signed by the Treasurer are distributed in the First and Second wards of Bristol, while Northampton township pays more money into the treasury than any other locality. Buckingham had the lead in this respect until late years.

Treasurer Banes states that he enjoys his annual tours, and that he has always been treated with great courtesy by the good citizens of the county, who are always willing to render him any assistance he may need.

Some little confusion is apt to occur, however, through the neglect of taxpayers to bring their Assessors' slip with them. This involves considerable trouble and delay when there are many people present. Treasurer Banes has fixed his business hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and these hours he will observe strictly. He has frequently been obliged to haul out his books after closing the day's work to accommodate some taxpayer who thought the Treasurer would be good natured enough to wait upon him in the evening, but experience has taught Mr. Banes that this is a bad policy to pursue. Therefore, people who wish to settle with him this year must be on hand during the time designated.

Mary Anderson's Debut.

Among the actors who compose the stock company of Mr. Richard Mansfield is the man who was the first to play a leading male part with Mary Anderson. This is W. M. Griffiths, who was Romeo the night she made her debut as Juliet.

"Yes," he remarked last night, "I can well remember the first time Mary Anderson ever recited to show professional people what she could do. The scene was too thoroughly ridiculous ever to be forgotten. I was then a member of Barney McAuley's stock company here and was the leading actor. After the performance one night I was just going out the stage door when Johnny Mackey, now dead, called me back.

"I walked back into the theatre, and there on the stage was a strip of an undeveloped girl who couldn't have weighed as much as one hundred pounds. There was but one thing about her to attract attention, and this was her eyes. I never saw eyes which seemed so large and furtive. In the front row sat Barney McAuley and a lot of newspaper men. Soon she began to recite from 'Romeo and Juliet,' and when she came to the part where the love-lorn lass refers to her ancestor's bones, she got down on the stage and rolled all over the place. She wore a dark dress of the cheapest material. The stage was never scrubbed and not swept with any great regularity. The result was that she caused quite a cloud of dust, and Barney and the newspaper men applauded uproariously, laughed immoderately, and shouted 'Bravo!' with such intensity that her words could scarcely be heard.

"When she had finished the newspaper men insisted on having more, and she stood in a frightened way, with her large eyes glancing timidly from one to another, apparently willing to recite further selections. Her dress, which had been dark, had become perfectly white with stage dust, and Barney concluded the gang had enjoyed enough for one evening, and told the girl that would do. This was Mary Anderson's first appearance as an aspirant for dramatic honors.

"Later she came to Barney McAuley and said she wanted to make her debut in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

"'My child,' said Barney, 'you can have my theatre if you will pay me $400 for it whenever you are ready to appear.'

"'But where am I to get that much money?' she asked in despair.

"Barney then suggested that she go around and get people pledged to attend the performance. If they didn't want to buy tickets, he would accept the pledges of business men in good standing. So out she started, trudging the streets from place to place. For four weary months she kept going daily. I would frequently meet her on days when the side-walks were covered with this miserable slush you have here so much in winter. Plainly attired and with no protection from the rain, I have often stopped to let her walk under my umbrella. Sometimes I would meet her coming out of a store with a smile on her face, and she would say delightedly:

"'I sold two in there.'

"Once I asked if men ever insulted her.

"'Oh, yes; often,' was her response, 'but I pay no attention to them. I am working for one object. That is to raise $400, and I'm going to accomplish it.'

"Finally she raised the amount and went to Barney, who had never dreamed the girl would succeed. Only Barney and Mrs. McAuley were present when the delighted girl told of her success. After Barney realized the girl had actually raised the sum he had fixed, he asked what play she had chosen for her debut.

"'"Romeo and Juliet,"' was her answer.

"'But, my dear,' he remonstrated, 'the costumes will cost you at least $150.'

"At this the poor girl fainted. She felt she could not raise another cent. When she had revived Mrs. McAuley said the aspiring girl should wear her costumes. The idea of a strip of a girl in Mrs. McAuley's costumes was absurd, but she was too happy to think of this. When we came to rehearse the part she was utterly unfitted for it. My greatest difficulty was in showing he how to act when she came to the lines 'my life, my love, my soul.' At the first Juliet should gently caress Romeo, 'at my love' her arms should be thrown passionately about his neck, and when 'my soul' is reached Juliet should fairly throw herself at Romeo. She was afraid even to put her arms coldly about my neck.

"'Have you ever been in love?' I asked.

"'No, sir,' was the timid reply.

"'Didn't you ever put your arms around a man's neck?'

"'No, sir!'

"'Then how the world did you happen to select "Romeo and Juliet?"'

"'I don't know, sir. That was what I recited.'

"Though it was Saturday night the house was packed. My! what a failure she was! I never saw anything so awkward since I was born. She would go across the stage in three steps. I have never ceased wondering how she managed it. This put a stop to her career for a time. Ben Debar of St. Louis wrote Barney McAuley, stating he had an open date, and would like to have an attraction. Barney responded that there was a girl here who had packed his house, principally on the claim that she was the daughter of a Confederate General, though he didn't know whether her father was in the army at all. By working on Southern sentiment, Barney thought St. Louis people might be worked, too This was tried with capital results.

"John Norton was attracted by this and undertook to star her, with the result that he lost every copper he had. Prior to this Dr. Griffin had persuaded his brother to put up $1,000 to take Miss Anderson and her company through small Kentucky towns. They came to me and I refused to go, saying it was pure madness. The brother backed out then. Miss Anderson has since thanked me for my action, saying that but for my good sense she would never have become famous. She was not known in the little towns, the money would have been spent, there would have been no returns, and she would have come back utterly disheartened.

"I have always been amused at the people of Louisville so fondly referring to Miss Anderson as 'Our Mary.' When she returned here after traveling through the South she was seen at Macauley's. The first night we took in $42, the second $36, the third $28, and, with the exception of the matinee, when her school friends turned out, there was not another performance where as much as $20 was received at the box office. Saturday night there was nobody, and we didn't raise the curtain." Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1894.

Robbers All.

Those Democratic Senators who believe in free trade and yet declare their intention to vote for the re-hashed McKinley bill, occupy a position which, if not so disgraceful, is almost as contemptible as that of those other Democratic Senators who have sold their Democratic birthright for a mess of protection. It is silly for these squirming free traders to protest that they are justified in voting for this cento of jobs as long as it contains a few less jobs, a lower rate of duty here and there, than the culminating atrocity of class legislation contained. The bill before the Senate is a protection bill filched by titular Democrats from the Republicans, a Republican protection bill, a glaring specimen of Republican protection—not that there is or can be any protection that is not Republican, unless the Democratic party shall in another National Convention solemnly withdraw the Democratic tariff dogma of 1892.

Protection is still to be held by every Democrat as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. Now robbery is not to be compromised and dickered with, it must be stopped absolutely. Society does not say to robbers, "Here, some of you fellows must be content to rob five per cent. less than you did last year. Some of the rest of you can practise your profession with the usual charges, and some will be allowed to rob even a little more than they have been doing." Society takes all the robbers it can get hold of and runs them in. But when the free traders see a Protected Robber, they say "Good Mr. Robber, we are really and truly opposed to robbery, but if we can reduce your robberies by five per cent. we are going to do it and let you go ahead robbing."

We wonder if these jelly-hearted weaklings interpret "Thou shalt not steal" as "Thou shalt not steal more than fifty per cent of thy neighbor's property"

The truth is that the Southern and Western free traders have had their bribe as well as the members of the amendment brigade have had theirs. The income tax is the bribe of the South and West, and the Democratic free traders give up their objections to one form of robbery in consideration of the introduction of another Robbers all '—New York Sun.

Farmer and Trolley.

The following communication to the Conshohocken Recorder, purporting to come from a Whitemarsh correspondent of that paper, contains much truthful comment in regard to the utility of the trolley railway not only in town but in the country districts and highways We copy as follows

The increase in population in this country has been heretofore either concentrated in the cities or distributed over new farming sections. But why has this been true? Mainly because the rural towns and villages have remained inaccessible They have been like little eddies on the borders of a swift current, unobserved, and generally unknown, and, together with the farming districts by which they are surrounded, they have remained nearly stationary in population, while the cities have grown enormously

Yet those villages in many cases would offer great advantages for the prosecution of a large variety of industries that now seek the cities, but which would quickly be removed to the country were there any means of conveying coal and other manufacturers' supplies cheaply to the ground where they would be needed.

Observe how quickly the small hamlet that happens to lie upon the line of a steam railway begins to wear the aspect of a considerable town after the completion of the road.

With a general system of electric railways the villages everywhere would go through the same transformation. The high rents and costly living expenses of cities would send thousands of manufacturers to the country could their work be done there without a loss equal to the gain; and, as a consequence, we could expect to see a more healthful distribution of the increase of population in the future than we have seen in the past.

The great cities would grow less rapidly but, built up with greater solidity and care, and the country districts would enter upon a career of unparalleled prosperity.

The effect of this transition on the success of the electric highways will be readily apparent. Within ten years after they were opened in any district it would probably be found that their income had doubled, and this, of course, would greatly enhance the value of their stock.

Incidentally, too, the farmers would be benefited again in their agricultural operations. They would find their incomes greatly increased by the enlargement within a few minutes' ride of their homes of the market for their profitable garden products.

—It is said that the fashions in Lapland have not changed for 1000 years.

—Needles were first made in 1545, when ten was a good day's work.

—Monday, June 4, is announced as the date for the opening of the regular summer season of opera at the Grand Opera House Comic opera will inaugurate the season, and a strong and evenly-balanced company of well known comic opera artists has been selected for the occasion. Mr. Digby Bell, who heads the list, needs no introduction to Bristol theatre goers, and the operas to be produced have been selected with the view of presenting this favorite comedian in the roles for which he has become famous. Mr Bell will have the able support of his wife, Laura Joyce Bell, Signor A. Montegriffo, who has entered comic opera ranks, Mr. George H Broderick, Mr. Charles Myers, Mr. Joseph Fay, Mr. H A Cripps and others. Mlle. Fatime Diard, of "Robin Hood" fame, is the prima donna, also the Misses Josephine Knapp, Sylvia Holt and May French. Gilbert and Sullivan's popular opera, "The Mikado," will open the season. The chorus will be composed of thirty strong and selected voices, also a first-class orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr John McGhie. The popular summer prices at the Grand will remain Reserved seats, 50c, 75c, and $1, with general admission to orchestra circle or balcony 25 c. There will be matinees on Saturdays only Seats will be on sale Monday, May 28, at the box office and branch office, No 1119 Chestnut street, where orders can now be sent

Pauline Hall and company in her comic opera revivals is the attraction at the Park Theatre They are presented with beautiful costumes and special scenery. The performances during the past week at the Park have been such as to very nearly fill its cozy auditorium at almost every performance with enthusiastic admirers. Miss Hall and her support have come in for much applause, and the chorus, especially the feminine contingent, is filled with many young and pretty faces and fresh voices. An interesting novelty, introduced between the acts, are a series of living pictures. The models used for the figures are, with one exception, artists' models, who pose for the live classes in Philadelphia, and display a beautiful perfection of form. The series of pictures shown are most complete in their way. They represent the very best and highest in contemporary art, with a single exception from the ancients in the representation of Venus de Milo, and the wonder of the audience is how the arms are disposed of to so closely copy the original statue

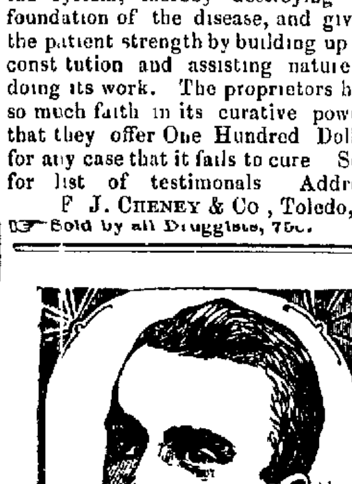
—In Turkey the house a man lives in cannot be seized for debt, and sufficient land must be left to support him

$100 Reward $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure Send for list of testimonials Address,

F J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O

☞ Sold by all Druggists, 75c.



Mr. Wm. A. Booth
Indiana, Pa.

Saved My Life

$5 Worth of Hood's Sarsaparilla

Severe Case of Nicotine Poisoning.

"C I Hood & Co, Lowell, Mass

"Gentlemen —I write these lines to certify that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of a most painful disease from which I have suffered the past four years It appeared in the form of eruptions on my neck and face, spreading over my body, so painful that I could not sleep at night, and could not work in the day time, and when I did lay down and get into a little doze, if I would move just a little, it would start that terrible sensation, and

Blood Would Start

from the eruptions on my legs and body. I had to wear bandages all the time. My eyes were badly swollen, my back in terrible condition. One physician said it was weed poison, another eczema, and the last told me it was

Nicotine Poisoning,

and that I would have to go to a physician who made a speciality of my disease. (I omitted to say that I am a cigar maker by trade) But Hood's Sarsaparilla had been recommended, and I thought I would try it, and I am heartily thankful that I did I can truly say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has effected

A Perfect Cure.

I am free from sores, have a good appetite, no dull feelings, and that continual sick headache is gone This wonderful cure has only cost me five dollars. This small amount of money has

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

rid me of all my sufferings. I am still taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, my faithful friend which has saved my life. I cannot praise it enough." WM A BOOTH, Indiana, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

—The annual report of the Inspectors of the Eastern State Penitentiary, just published, bears renewed testimony to the fact that it is not lack of school education, but of knowledge how to make a living, that is largely responsible for the criminal careers of a majority of convicts There has not been a prison report published for many years that does not carry evidence of that fact Again and again attention has been called to this eloquent testimony on statistics In the one now spoken of it is stated that 596 persons were committed to the institution during the year 1893 There were but eighty-seven of those who had not attended school But 490 had never learned any trade or manual employment.

The founding of large industrial institutes and trade schools within the last few years should, therefore, result in a decrease of the criminal class in the future.

The Popular Chafing Dish.

The chafing dish has grown to be an essential article in the dining room outfit. They may be purchased from half a dollar upward and are really a great comfort, especially to people living in a flat or boarding house Some one has said that Chicago is running so flats, and, indeed, it looks like it. It is so easy to cook with a chafing dish Oysters can be stewed, eggs boiled, fried or scrambled, custards cooked and all sorts of gruels made in a few minutes with this simple contrivance. It is clean, quick, and does not give half the trouble any other cooking apparatus does. And then it can be taken anywhere and used anywhere

—Students in Constantinople are forbidden from frequenting theaters, music halls and similar public places.

—Worn out billiard balls are usually cut up into dice.

'The Princess Bonnie,' with pretty Eleanore Maye clever Jennie Goldthwaite funny Fred Lennox, and a host of other bright people in the cast, has evidently come to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia to stay. It has settled down to the ninth week of its run with an air of self-conscious success and satisfaction which is surely warranted by the degree of favor which has been bestowed upon it by the public in general There seems to be no indication that the audiences are wearying of Mr Spencer's pretty music and bright humor On the contrary, the opera seems if anything, to be growing in popular favor Last week is said to have been one of the most successful of the engagement

New Laundry.

Try Sing Lee's new Chinese Laundry, on Mill Street, next the Ark First class work guaranteed Shirts, 10c, collars 2c cuffs, 4c a pair Try us We try to please all

For Sale

Two bulk windows, cheap Address Box 322, Bristol, Pa

Wanamaker's.

We have been anticipating just this thing. There have been hints of it in the home air and ripples of suggestiveness from across the sea.

Ready? Of course—right royally ready.

Look at the Cloverdale.

Made from extra quality All wool Covert Cloth in the prettiest of all the brown mixtures

The style is designed and the garment made by men tailors, under the direction of a man who has done the finest order work made in New York for years

The Coat is three quarter length, full cutaway fastened with three buttons a little above waist line fitted perfectly to the shape

Seams all lapped and sewed with silk, The entire front of coat is lined with twilled silk seams all silk covered

Skirt is the full gored Paquin shape, and is the prettiest hanging skirt we have ever offered

A full line of sizes.

AT $10 EACH!

Twenty dollars is the price of the making alone in most workrooms for a tailor-made Suit that compares with this.

Atlas of the World

The Potter-Bradley Declared by high authority to be 'the first American work of the sort worthy of the name'

Officially approved and adopted by the United States Government.

For commercial and library reference A complete American and Foreign Atlas, compiled from official state, national and international surveys, supplemented by information furnished by the postal and interior departments of the United States

To be sold in 20 parts at 15 cents each.

The parts will be issued semi-monthly, and each will contain for double page maps, average size 22x16 inches with isometric index to each map.

Mailed without extra charge.

Part No. 1 ready.

Contents North Polar Chart, New York State, Mexico, England and Wales

Continental Bicycles, $70

Try a Continental in any way that will test the metal and merit of a Bicycle—long rides, quick rides, rough rides See if it doesn't hold its own with the best of them—as easy to run, as strong, as light It certainly is as handsome. And the price is fifty-five dollars less than most other first class machines—$70 instead of $125

Full Roadsters, M & W tire, $70, G & J tire $75

Light Roadsters, M & W tire, $75, G & J tire $80

Ladies Bicycles, M & W tire $75 G & J tire, $80

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Wanamaker.

French Challis

That were 60c at the first of the season are now

Thirty Cents

Only 100 pieces, 25 light and dark styles, best French printings.

Summer Woolens

Four hundred pieces superfine and elegant light Woolen Dress Stuffs are first offered to-day—comically cheap Eight kinds in all, many patterns to each kind 6 are 50c, 1 is 45c, 1 is 37½c.

The prices are far less than half. They are all English and French, white serges with stripes and checks, grays, plain and figured, serges with broche stripes, hair lines and pin checks with figures, Shepherd's Plaids. All the lots have that graceful touch of delicacy in weave and finish that marks them as the best.

The bargains—they equal the famous Priestley's offerings of last month

38 in Vigoreux Beige, 45c from 75c
40 in Vigoreux Beige, 50c from 85c
40 in Cashmere Beige, 50c from 80c
42 in Broche Figured Beige, 50c from $1 50
42 in, Broche Striped Beige, 50c from $1 50
42 in Contelle Stripes, 50c from $1 50
41 in Beige Checks, 50c from $1
41 in White ground Serges, in stripes and checks, 37½c from $1

Women's Bathing Suits

For months past the makers have been busy getting the Bathing Suits ready. Made from our own patterns—roomy where room is needed, snug where they ought to be. We court the cut, the combinations, the finishings, the values best we've ever had.

Prices $2 and upward!

Of course choice is never better than from the heaped tables at the season's start—either for women or children

The Cloverdale Costume

Slipping around to Cutaway Coats for women, the fashion is Anybody with an eye on the best wear can see that.

No mistaking the set of such a tide, once it begins to run.

Teachers' Examination.

TEACHERS EXAMINATION for Bristol Borough School District will be held on Saturday, June 2 in the Wood Street School Building beginning promptly at nine o'clock
M S BOOZ, Supt Schools
Bristol, Pa, May 16, 1894

Notice of Sealed Proposals for Loan of $15,000.

The Board of Directors of Bristol Borough School District of Pennsylvania will issue registered bonds, dated July 2 1894 to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars ($15 000) payable in not less than five years nor more than twenty years from the date thereof at the option of the Board Said bonds will be in sums of one thousand dollars each ($1000), bearing interest at the rate of four per cent per annum, payable half yearly on the first days of January and July in each year

Sealed proposals will be received for all or part of said bonds (which will be disposed of not on named in said proposals) on or before June 18th at 12 M to be addressed to

J K WILDMAN,
President of the School Board
5 24 Bristol, Pa

An Ordinance

Making appropriations for the use of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 28th day of February A D 1895

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain

SECTION 1 That the sum of sixteen thousand seven hundred (16 700) dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the use of the various departments of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 28th day of February, A D 1895, as follows

For salaries of regular and special police, three thousand and fifty (3,050) dollars

For clothing, maintenance of police telegraph and incidentals three hundred (300) dollars

For lighting streets, three thousand one hundred (3,100) dollars.

For appropriations to Fire Companies ten hundred and twenty (1020) dollars as follows

Bristol Fire Company No 1, four hundred and fifty (450) dollars

American Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, No 2 three hundred (300) dollars

Second Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars

Third Ward Company fifty (50) dollars

Fourth Ward Company fifty (50) dollars

Building Association dues No 1 Company one hundred and twenty (120) dollars

For contingent expenses of Committee on Fire Protection five hundred (500) dollars, or such portion thereof as may be needed

For interest and State tax on Borough loan four hundred and ten (410) dollars

For salaries Town Clerk, two hundred (200) dollars, Borough Attorney, fifty (50) dollars, Borough Treasurer twenty five (25) dollars, Keeper of Town Clock, twenty five (25) dollars

For printing and advertising five hundred (500) dollars

For collecting garbage, six hundred (600) dollars

For medical attendance and burial of poor and for temporary relief of same, three hundred (300) dollars Provided that no portion of said sum shall be used in relieving persons who should properly be removed to the County Alms house

For maintenance of the Board of Health five hundred (500) dollars viz Salaries of Secretary and Health Officer, two hundred and forty (240) dollars the proof sate twenty-five (25) dollars, extra police service fifty (50) dollars, vaccination, fifty (50) dollars printing and advertising, fifty (50) dollars, abating and removing nuisances eighty five (85) dollars PROVIDED, that the said sums or such part thereof as may be needed, shall be paid out on orders drawn by the proper officers of the Board of Health, which orders shall state distinctly the items against which they are drawn,

For care of public property, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars

For legal expenses, two hundred and fifty (250) dollars

For contingent expenses, five hundred and twenty (520) dollars

For covered gutters and crossings, material for repairing streets salary of Street Commissioner labor and incidental expenses of Committee on Streets and Highways, two thousand two hundred (2,200) dollars

For stone pavement of Buckley Street, northeastward from Bath Street, as far as the same can be constructed for the appropriation, three thousand (3,000) dollars

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 14th day of May, A D 1894

THOMAS B HARKINS, Burgess
Attest—J WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk

WALL STREET!

TO OPERATE SUCCESSFULLY IN WALL STREET Join our Co-Operative R R. Stock Syndicate. 100 to 500 per cent. per annum easily made and without risk Send for 'PROSPECTUS AND DAILY MARKET LETTER' mailed free Highest References Our record up to date 83 per cent paid to the subscribers as the result of operations from December, 1893 to April 15th, 1894.
WEINMAN & CO, Stocks, Grain and Provisions.
No, 41 Broadway, New York City

Miscellaneous

Notice.

To the Taxpayers of Bucks County.

IN pursuance of an Act of Assembly, entitled an Act relating to the collection of STATE and COUNTY TAXES in the county of Bucks, approved March 29 1852, and also for the collection of DOG TAX the County Treasurer will meet the Taxpayers of said county, at the following times and places, to receive the taxes assessed for the present year, 1894

NOCKAMIXON—Kintersville Friday May 25th at Franklin Adams Hotel

DURHAM—Riegelsville Saturday May 26th at Hiram Heaton's Hotel

SPRINGFIELD—Bursonville Monday, May 28th at Thomas Ochs Hotel

SPRINGFIELD—Pleasant Valley Tuesday May 29th, at H Eisenhart's Hotel

RICHLAND—California Thursday May 31st at E Richards Hotel

QUAKERTOWN—First Ward, Friday, June 1st at P K Gable's Hotel

QUAKERTOWN—Second Ward Saturday, June 2d, at Henry H Sowder's Hotel

QUAKERTOWN—Third Ward Monday June 4th at Milo D [illegible] Hotel

MILFORD—Milford Square Tuesday, June 5th at William H Macanett's Hotel

MILFORD—Trumbauersville Wednesday, June 6th at Clinton D Strouse's Hotel

HAYCOCK—Applebachsville, Thursday June 7th, at Reed H [illegible] Hotel

RICHLAND—Richlandtown borough, Friday, June 8th at Milton B Kline's Hotel

ROCKHILL—Perkasie borough, Saturday, June 9th at Elmer S Grossman Hotel

ROCKHILL—Telford, Monday June 11th, at J Howard Gerhart's Store

ROCKHILL—Schlichter's Tuesday June 12th at S Smith's Hotel

ROCKHILL EAST Benjamin Wednesday June 13th at R Barnsberger's Hotel

ROCKHILL WEST—Sellersville Thursday, June 14th at G M Hartzell's Hotel

DOYLESTOWN TOWNSHIP—Turk, Friday, June 15th at Samuel Fetherman's Hotel

BUCKINGHAM—Centreville Saturday June 16th at John R Richter's Hotel

BUCKINGHAM—Lahaska Monday June 18th at Edward Rorer's Hotel

SOLEBURY—Centre Bridge, Tuesday, June 19th at Charles Bowlby's Hotel

SOLEBURY—Carversville, Wednesday June 20th at Joseph V Howell's Hotel

BEDMINSTER—Bedminsterville, Thursday June 21st at David H Meyers Hotel

BEDMINSTER—Pipersville, Friday, June 22d, at Berkenstock's Hotel

HILLTOWN—Dublin, Saturday, June 23d at Levi D Yoder's Store, from 8 to 12 a m, and Blooming Glen Bishop Brothers Store from 2 to 6 p m

HILLTOWN—Mount Pleasant, Monday, June 25th, at Hinsberger's Hotel

WARWICK—Tuesday, June 26th, at Albert E Ramsey's Hotel

PLUMSTEAD—Plumsteadville Wednesday, June 27th, at Charles Zenmock's Hotel

PLUMSTEAD—Gardenville, Thursday, June 28th at Enos Weiss Hotel

WARRINGTON—Frog Hollow, Friday, June 29th at Mahlon Keller's Hotel

NEW BRITAIN—Chalfont, Saturday June 30th, at Irwin Keller's Hotel.

WARMINSTER—Monday, July 2d, at Chas I Dager's Hotel

WRIGHTSTOWN—Tuesday July 3d, at Edward Tomlinson's Hotel

SOUTHAMPTON—Feasterville Thursday, July 5th at F H Hogeland's Hotel

NORTHAMPTON—Richborough, Friday July 6th, at Edward H Roberts Hotel

NORTHAMPTON—Richborough, Saturday July 7th, at Edward H Roberts Hotel

BRISTOL TOWNSHIP—Newportville, Monday July 9th, at George Bachmaier's Hotel

HULMEVILLE BOROUGH—Tuesday, July 10th, at John Johnson's Store

LANGHORNE BOROUGH—Wednesday, July 11th at Joseph L Boucot's Hotel

MORRISVILLE BOROUGH—Tuesday, July 12th at John Helling's Hotel

NEWTOWN TOWNSHIP—Friday, July 13th, at Wentworth's Store

NEWTOWN BOROUGH Saturday, July 14th, at Sipron C Keith's Hotel

NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Monday July 16th at Sipron C Keith's Hotel

LANGHORNE MANOR BOROUGH—Eden, Tuesday, July 17th, at J S Wright's Hotel

MIDDLETOWN—Eden, Wednesday July 18th at J S Wright's Hotel

BENSALEM—Thursday, July 19th, at Red Lion Hotel

BENSALEM—Trappe, Friday July 20th at S C Worthington's Hotel

MAKEFIELD, UPPER—Saturday, July 21st, at Anna R Hursey's Store

MAKEFIELD, LOWER—Yardley Monday, July 23d, at Aaron Slack's Hotel

MAKEFIELD, LOWER—Edgewood, Tuesday July 24th, at Wildman's Store

NEW HOPE BOROUGH—Wednesday July 25th, at M A Vanhart's Hotel

FALLS—Tullytown, Thursday, July 26th at John Severns' Hotel

TULLYTOWN BOROUGH—Friday, July 27 at Henry Lovett's Hotel

BRISTOL BOROUGH—First Ward, Saturday July 28th, at William Cure's Hotel

BRISTOL BOROUGH—Second Ward, Monday, July 30th at Fred King's Store

BRISTOL BOROUGH—Third Ward, Tuesday, July 31st, at the Closson House

BRISTOL BOROUGH—Fourth Ward, Wednesday August 1st, at James Blanche's Restaurant

BRISTOL BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP—Thursday, August 2d at William Cure's Hotel

DOYLESTOWN BOROUGH—At the Treasurer's Office until August 21st 1894

Will be at the above named places from 9 o'clock, a m until 4 o'clock p m Important communicated by postage for reply, and in all cases the district wherein the property is located must be definitely given Communications with money for taxes will not be received at Treasurer's office after August 21st

Five per cent added to State Tax not paid by August 1st

Five per cent abatement on County Tax paid on or before August 21st

In pursuance to instructions received by me from the Auditor General Storekeepers and others will please take notice that all Mercantile Licenses not paid to me by July 1st will be placed in the hands of a Justice of the Peace to be collected according to law

HENRY B BANES
April 27 1894 County Treasurer

Panic Prices.

I make the following Low Prices until May 26, Saturday afternoon excepted.

33 Plants in full bloom	$1 00
12 Rose Bushes, full of buds,	1 00
20 Geraniums,	1 00
Jack Rose Bushes,	25
Carnations, per dozen,	10
Verbenas,	04
Pansies,	02

Many other plants at the same rate

These prices are good for every day until 6 P M

J. T. DeWITT,

POND STREET,
Above Walnut.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

Bristol Pa April 13th 1894

AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF Directors held this day BENJAMIN J TAYLOR was elected President to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of PIERSON MITCHELL

4 12 4t CHARLES E SCOTT Cashier

Money to Loan.

$100 TO $5000 LOANED AT LEGAL INTEREST Loans may be returned in small monthly payments Mechanics manufacturers employees and housekeepers who are responsible may apply for a loan at six per cent annual Absolutely no bonus or premiums Real estate security not necessary no publicity Loans made to pay off outside obligations such as to increase business purchase business for building purposes to make alterations to buy homes, or in fact for any purpose that money may be desired The Commercial Loan and Trust Company No 1330 Arch street Philadelphia Incorporated Authorized capital $500 000 If you request our representative will call

Dr. C. H. DILTS,

—DENTIST,—

His removed to—
221 E State St, TRENTON, N. J

Will be at his former office
326 Mill St BRISTOL, PA,
Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

PHOTOGRAPHS!

Only 25c PER DOZEN

ECTYPES

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHS

Send a cabinet or card picture and I will make you one dozen small photographs, handsomely finished, for 25 cents, and return your photograph

H. VANTINE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,
Morrisville, Pa.

Legal Advertisements.

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of JAMES M BRUDON deceased late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

EDWARD C BRUDON
CHARLES BRUDON
GILKESON & WRIGHT Executors
Attorneys

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of SAMUEL S RUE late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co, Pa

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SARAH A HALL
EVA DOWNING
HARVEY S RUE
Or Administrators
GILKESON & WRIGHT Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMMA I SCOTT late of Bristol borough, Bucks County deceased

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay for settlement to

Or HARVEY S RUE
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administrator
Attorneys

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of MARY VANDEVENTER deceased late of Bristol Borough Bucks County Pa

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

GUSTAV A RATHKE
Or his attorney, Executor
JOHN C STUCKERT

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of ANNA B DAVIS dec'd

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same, without delay to

JOHN H DE VICTOR
506 Chestnut St Philadelphia

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate SARAH A POTTS deceased late of Bristol Borough Bucks County Pa

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

W W GILLINGHAM
Administrator
Langhorne, Bucks Co Pa

Two Houses For Rent.

A NEW, EIGHT ROOM HOUSE No 118 Pond Street Bath Room Hot and Cold Water Electric Lights The other on Garden Street, near Jefferson Avenue Apply to
J T DEWITT Pond Street.

FOR 40 YEARS AS
Express Messenger
Between——o
BRISTOL and PHILADELPHIA.
o——Residence——o
205 Lafayette St, Bristol
o——Office——o
BYRNES' CARPET STORE,
37 S. 2d Street, Phila.

F. B. BURKE,

Box 314 BRISTOL PA.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL PA May 1 1894

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT payable on demand clear of all taxes
CHARLES E SCOTT Cashier

DR. J. T. STRADLING
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna

Do you want —a— Hair Brush?

There are nearly forty varieties in Dr. Pursell's Show Case.

Notice of Lost Certificate

NOTICE is hereby given that Andrew Blanch having lost his Certificate No 183 for five shares of the Twelfth Series of the Capital Stock of The Bristol Building Association has made application for the issue of a new certificate for the said stock and that on and after four weeks from this date the said Certificate No 183 will be void unless previously delivered to the undersigned, and a new certificate will be issued in place thereof

A WEIR GILKESON, Secretary
May 7, 1894

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, May 4th 1894

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$487 435 78
U S Bonds to secure circulation	40 000 00
Stocks securities, etc	45 388 53
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	9 500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	600 28
Due from approved reserve agents	7 285 31
Checks and other cash items	1 331 34
Notes of other National Banks	635 00
Fractional paper currency nickels and cents	126 97
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ	
Specie	$31 100 00
Legal tender notes	35 900 00 68 500 00
Redemption fund with U S Treasurer, (5 per cent of circulation)	1 800 00
TOTAL	$672 306 84

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	120 000 00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	8 671 07
National Bank notes outstanding	28 13[illegible]
Due to other National Banks	16 877 05
Dividends unpaid	1 [illegible]
Individual deposits subject to check	16 035 1[illegible]
TOTAL	$672 306 84

State of Penna, County of Bucks ss
I, Charles E Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief
CHARLES E SCOTT Cashier

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 9th day of May, 1894
W H BOOZ Notary Public

CORRECT—Attest
BENJ. J TAYLOR,
L. A HOGUET, } Directors
JOHN BURTON,

Miscellaneous

STAND BY THE POLICY,

Sublime, Patriotic and National,

[illegible]

America for the Residents

of America [illegible]

Trample Upon

[illegible]

Reserve the Public Lands

[illegible]

No Interference

[illegible]

The Superb Market Reports

[illegible]

No Matter Whether

[illegible]

The e Times of Change!

[illegible]

Remember!

[illegible]

"Washington's Farewell"

[illegible]

Terms for 1894

[illegible]

THE TRIBUNE,
New York

An Ordinance

Authorizing a temporary loan of One Thousand Dollars for the purpose of paying bills for current expenses of the Borough of Bristol maturing prior to July 1 1894

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain

That the Burgess and Treasurer [illegible] are hereby authorized to borrow the sum of One Thousand Dollars for the use of the Borough for the purpose of paying bills for the current expenses of the Borough maturing prior to July 1st 1894 Said loan to be made at a rate of interest not to exceed Six per cent per annum and to be made [illegible]

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol the [illegible] day of March A D 1894
THOMAS B HARKINS Burgess
Attest—J WESLEY WRIGHT Clerk

DO YOU WISH TO LOOK HANDSOME.

Our $3 00 per dozen

CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS

Will Produce the Result

Why pay more [illegible]

WE LEAD THE LEADERS.
FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE
TRY US. TRY US.

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No 700 North BROAD Street Philadelphia

School for Boys

will resume school duties September 21. Visitors received from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M
9-28-3m GEORGE EASTBURN, Ph, D, Prin

Miscellaneous

[illegible]

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IN 1894

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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For Sale and Business Opportunities Sundays TWO CENTS A WORD, Week days, ONE CENT A WORD

[illegible]

WILLIAM GRACE,

18 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA

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Best Selection in the county at Lowest Market Prices

WINDOW SHADES

A full stock ready made and made to order

PAPER HANGING a Specialty

Headquarters for French Tissue Papers

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PHILADELPHIA

This Morning?

The Times is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1894.

HOW IT IS IN THE NAVY

POSITION AND REMUNERATION OF THE ENLISTED MEN.

The Vast and Varied Force of Mechanics In the Service—Here Skilled Labor Finds Steady Employment With Sure Pay. Seaman Class Worst Paid.

Although the seamen and even the petty officers of the United States navy are largely of foreign birth, there never was a time when places in the navy below the rank of commissioned officers were so attractive to native Americans. As the old wooden ships and the old fashioned steam propelled ships give place to modern marine machines the navy becomes more and more suited to the tastes of capable Americans.

Since the Kearsarge laid her bones upon Roncador there are left in really active service only 10 wooden ships, though there are 15 others used as receiving ships and as schoolships of one sort or another. All the sailing ships that ever move from place to place are the training ships and schoolships. The navy has long been made up chiefly of steam propelled vessels, and it will be only a few years before the whole active list will be composed of iron or steel steamships.

This gradual change in the navy has wrought a marked change in the personnel of the petty officers and the enlisted men, as in the conditions under which they work. Captain Codman's mournful cry that there are no more sailors is as true of the navy as of the merchant service. The navy still ships seamen at wages ranging from $16 to $21 per month, but it also ships a host of artificers, mechanics, firemen and whatnot at wages sometimes exceeding $70 per month.

The new navy as it grows will need an increasing number of men in these special classes. There are nearly as many new vessels building as there are wooden ships now on the active list, and every new iron steam propelled monster that is added to the navy creates an increased demand for the skilled and high paid classes of enlisted men. Already there are some scores of machinists at $70 per month, boiler makers at $60, blacksmiths at $50, plumbers at $45, water tenders, oilers, firemen and printers at from $30 to $40 per month, to say nothing of coppersmiths, shipwrights and coal passers at wages varying from $50 per month down to $22.

The seaman class, the worst paid of all in its lower branches, is very well paid in the higher ranks. The lad that enters as a third class apprentice at $9 per month may reasonably hope to become chief master at arms at $65 per month. The lad with a gift for music may easily find himself transferred to the special class that includes musicians, writers and apothecaries, and here the wages vary from $18 to $60 per month.

There is a special provision of law to encourage good men to remain long in the service. The ordinary term of enlistment is three years, and by this provision any honorably discharged man who re-enlists within three months from the date of his discharge returns to the navy with his pay raised $1 per month. The extra dollar is added at each re-enlistment, and there may easily be half a dozen re-enlistments, or for that matter a dozen. It means that a good man who sticks to the service for life gets a three months' vacation every three years, followed by an increase of pay.

It usually happens that the man who thus enlists and re-enlists has reached the grade of petty officer at his third or fourth enlistment, and after that the larger pay of his new place increases regularly $1 per month every three years, should he choose to continue in the service. There are other small perquisites of one kind or another that swell the earnings of the sailor that sticks to the navy, and there awaits him in old age a safe retreat ashore with old companions.

It is true that mechanics in the navy receive nominally smaller wages than men of their trades ashore, but they are subject to none of the uncertainties of business. The navy goes right on in times of panic, and there is no docking for illness. Employment and pay are secure for the rest of a man's days, and promotion is almost within his own control.

The aristocratic organization of the navy doubtless has kept many self respecting native Americans from enlisting, but the service is vastly more democratic in practice than in theory. True, no enlisted man may hope to become a commissioned officer, but the enlisted man of tried ability and known good conduct always earns the respect and the consideration of his superiors. The brutal officer of the deck is almost unknown in the United States navy, and the self respecting enlisted man is seldom made to feel that any one looks down upon him.

His food is wholesome, clean and abundant, and the officer of the deck must taste it before it is served to the men at any meal. His quarters are better and better as the navy improves, and the privileges of the well ordered seaman are many and agreeable. The navy department holds out as an inducement to men that think of enlisting the prospect of seeing foreign parts. "Yes, through a porthole," was the old time Jack Tar's cynical comment when a recruiting poster met his eye ashore.

But the seaman whose own conduct does not curtail his "liberty" may see foreign parts as an enlisted man in a satisfactory and instructive fashion. There are scores of enlisted men who are thoroughly trusted ashore as the most staid inmates of the wardroom. A man's repute in this regard is not left to mere chance, but is matter of careful record. The man who can make up his mind to endure with patience a life of discipline and regularity finds the navy agreeable, interesting and profitable.—New York Sun.

The Chinese woman usually blackens her teeth when she becomes a bride to keep away other admirers and show her entire submission to her husband. The present pretty empress as a wife has, however, set the example of wearing white teeth.

It is said that the Historical Society of Pennsylvania has the most complete collection of American colonial laws in the United States. It was made by Charlemagne Towers and includes the laws of the Danish and British West Indies.

Keep clean, keep well and dress well. Cleanliness and health are attractive. The world is a great respecter of good clothes.

ONCE ON A TIME.

At teatime in the ruddy light—
Chrysanthemums were in their glory—
My baby came to say good night
And beg for "just one little story."

I told her how a girl like her
Came long ago, somewhere or other,
And brought her doll and made a stir
And begged a story from her mother,

Who, tired and listless, also crossed
The little story begging beauty
With news of how another glossed
Her irksome story telling duty.

Still backward was the tale referred
To weary her, but when I ended,
As if I had not said a word,
With looks half pleading, half offended,

She clasped my neck—her childish trust
Had made the hardest heart compliant—
"A little one," she said, "please—just
About a fairy and a giant."

I kissed her close, and off I went:
"Once on a time," low, slow and steady.
She heaved a sigh of sweet content—
My darling was asleep already.
—Menzies Macdonald in Good Words.

NOTHING FOR THE BIBLE.

An Aged Man's Vain Errand In a New York Pawnshop.

In a Bowery pawnshop a man shuffled up to one of the clerks with a big bundle which he wanted to pawn. The man was old and decrepit. His hair and beard were long, white and unkempt. His clothes were ragged as the wrappings of his bundle. He laid the bundle down on the counter, pulled off the wrappings and displayed a Bible of what is known as the "family" sort. It had large, heavy covers stamped in gilt and looked as if it might be illustrated with full page steel engravings.

"What'll you give me on that?" said he to the clerk.

"Nothing," replied the clerk, with the most discouraging accent imaginable and apparently without even a glance at the Bible.

"Oh, yes, you will," said the old man. "Please give me something."

"No," answered the clerk, "not a cent."

"But I've got to have it," pleaded the old man. "I haven't had anything to eat today. Give me 50 cents."

"Nothing to drink, you mean," said the clerk, with another glance at the trembling old man. "I won't give you anything. We don't take Bibles anyway."

The clerk turned to talk to a man who wanted to pawn a ring. The old man hesitated a minute and then renewed his effort.

"Well, give me 25 cents then," he said. "I've had more than that on this before."

"Not here," answered the clerk. "I tell you we don't take Bibles. Go on, now."

The old man gathered up his Bible and shuffled away. The man who was pawning the ring looked on with evident interest. He was thinking of the many stories he had heard of men who would pawn the family Bible for drink money and reflecting that here was a pawnbroker whose heart was not as stony as tradition makes believe, who had some taint of sentiment, if not of reverence, left in him.

"Is that a rule of the house?" he said to the clerk who was making out the ticket.

"What?" asked the clerk.

"That you don't take Bibles."

"No," with a laugh. "That was just a bluff. We take anything. But that Bible was worn out and wasn't worth a cent."—New York Sun.

Superstition of the Turks.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beets (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against the illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passersby will say, "Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are of course the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever and can neither read nor write. Stamboul is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term signifying the whole outside world. An American missionary was once asked, "In what part of Paris is America?" Yet it can be said that they are generally honest and always patient. They earn from 6 to 8 cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The taxgatherer is their only grievance. They look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are contented and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant, a Turk is the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization he deteriorates.—"Across Asia on a Bicycle" in Century.

The Biblical Locust.

"You have read about John the Baptist living on locusts and wild honey," said Mr. Wiley of Lewiston, who is recently home from Central America. "Well, here's a locust," and he produced from his pocket a—well, a locust. It didn't hop or jump and had no semblance of life because indeed it was nothing but a great pod, looking like a huge cranberry bean pod, fully 5 inches long and almost as big around as a banana. It had a deep mahogany colored skin of hard consistency. "I have eaten bushels of them," said Mr. Wiley. "They grow on trees as big as elms and fall to the ground when ripe. Split them open, and they contain a yellow substance looking like mustard. Mixed with water, it makes a very delicious and nourishing drink that will sustain life for a long time. One of these pods will make a quart of the drink, and everybody uses them. They may not be the locusts of John the Baptist, but I understand that the tree grows in that land of the Bible."—Lewiston Journal.

Roots With Air Chambers.

In the Sunderbands, a tract of swampy forest in the southern part of the Ganges delta, large numbers of the trees are provided with curious root suckers, consisting of woody processes growing upward at irregular points along the course of the roots, and projecting one to three feet above ground. The object of these suckers is to protect the tree from the uprooting effect of winds. They also contain air chambers for the aeration of the roots, but never produce buds, and cease to grow when the apex has reached the level of the highest spring tides.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Source of Iridescent Happiness.

"Belinda," said the young man tenderly, "be mine, and our life shall be as an iridescent dream."

"First, Charles," said Belinda severely, "will you kindly inform me what will be the quantity of the metallic medium which is to supply the iridescence?"—Chicago Record.

The first letter envelope dates back to May, 1696. It is now in the British museum, London.

DID THE HORSE PLAY THIS TRICK?

How Two Spanish Gentlemen Happened to Forget to Pay Their Check.

There is a small all night restaurant in a Twenty-eighth street basement where gentlemen of more or less bohemian instincts sometimes go for a quiet bottle and a taste of seasonable delicacies.

As I sat there one night I observed that the two sharp featured gentlemen in dress suits who sat at the table next to mine had already dispatched their second bottle of Chateau Yquem, besides a liberal array of toothsome edibles. They were now chatting over their cigarettes. The greater part of the conversation was in Spanish. Finally they gathered up their overcoats to go, and as they stepped toward the desk, apparently to settle the bill, one of them said to the waiter, "Call in our cab driver and give him a drink."

The jehu entered promptly. "I'll leave the door open if you don't mind, so as to keep an eye on the hoss," he said. "He plays tricks on me sometimes."

The beaming "night hawk" had raised his glass, of a liberal three fingers of whisky, and was just remarking, "'Ere's looking at ye, gentlemen," when he glanced out the open door and realized that the "hoss that plays tricks sometimes" was leisurely ambling off toward Broadway. Dropping the glass unemptied, he bolted for the door, closely followed by the two gentlemen who wore dress suits and talked Spanish. The latter were laughing merrily, as though the whole affair were a good joke.

They didn't come back right away, and when the cashier, somewhat uneasily, went outside and looked down the street, night hawk, "hoss," Spanish gentlemen and all had disappeared.

Then the cashier came back behind his desk. He looked ruefully at the figures on the unpaid check, banged the cash register viciously as he rang up another customer's 15 cents for a cocktail and remarked, "I'd like to know whether that 'hoss' was taught to play those tricks or whether my Spanish friends simply took advantage of what was really an accident."

The worldly wise bartender stopped rinsing a glass, dipped a towel disdainfully over his shoulder and said with a pessimistic grin: "There's more ways than one to beat the house. I never saw that trick done before, but I've heard tell of it."—New York Herald.

A Famous Beadle of Paris.

Discours, the beadle of the Church of St. Roch, in Paris, died on Saturday. He was almost famous for his tall stature, imposing air and portly figure, and was at once the tallest of the Paris beadles and the senior of them all. Prevost, the beadle of the Madeleine, stood next in stature, and after him came the beadle of Notre Dame, an ex-drum major, who was engaged two years ago by Archbishop Richard.

Discours was a passionate lover of billiards and went every evening to play at the Cafe Regence, where he used to measure his skill with M. Grevy before the latter was president of the republic. He constantly saw there a man taller than himself, Mr. Theodore Tilton, the American poet, who went to La Regence to play chess and was more than a match for Grevy. The post of beadle in a Paris church is a much envied one among the class of men who compete for it. At Notre Dame, the Madeleine and St. Clotilde the salary is £60, and there are perquisites at grand weddings and funerals. In smaller churches the pay is £40. The gorgeous uniforms and silver headed wand are provided by the vestry.—London News.

Boiler Scales.

The use of oil in preventing boiler scale now so prevalent is met with the objection that in using other than standard oil of 150 to 300 degrees fire test there is danger of the formation of what is called oil scale. This, according to chemical authority, is owing to the fact that when the higher fire test oils are introduced they rise and float upon the top of the water, and the latter, impregnated with sediment and mud, boils and bubbles up through the oil scum on top, and on the water becoming vaporized it liberates the particles of mud and scale contained, which fall back upon this layer of oil upon the top of the water. After awhile the layer of oil becomes so impregnated with mineral substances that it sinks to the bottom of the boiler, forming an incrustation, or oil scale, which is as injurious to the boiler as is the lime or magnesium scale. But the same objection, it is remarked, has also been made to crude petroleum.—New York Sun.

To Her Art.

Mme. d'Albertin, one of the lesser painters of France, was as conceited about her artistic ability as she was notorious for her excessive use of cosmetics of all kinds. Her face was a study in enamel, rouge and penciling, and the older she grew the more pronounced it became. On one occasion a certain count, who held her in much disesteem, lost a bet to her.

"And what will madame choose?" he asked, with mock courtesy.

"Something in my art," she simpered. "Something I can paint."

"Very well, madame," he replied, bowing himself out.

A day later madame received a package from the count, which, upon being opened, revealed a life size drawing of her own face in outline.—Detroit Free Press.

Wondrous Evolution.

"In the slow evolution of the race," mused the elephant, looking with languid interest at the throng of curious gazers that stood on the outside of the ropes and fed him with cakes, peanuts and candy, "how many millions of years it must require to evolve from the shapeless and rudimentary projection on the face of the creature called man the full and perfect proboscis!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Homemade Sign.

On Lexington avenue near Eighty-third street there stands in front of a shoemaker's shop a home painted sign that is pitifully comic. It would be a painfully deformed man indeed who could wear a boot shaped like the one thereon displayed, beneath which is the announcement that "Laddies shoes" will be "half soeld" and heeled for one price; "Childrings and mans" for another. Apropos of this subject, I saw a shoemaker's sign the other day bearing the euphonious and appropriate name of Shintog.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

What She Keeps.

Miss Tweed—That Mrs. Chirp is horrid! I don't believe she can keep anything.

"Oh, yes. She keeps telling everything she hears."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Joseph Scaliger had a very low opinion of poets. He says, "There never was a man who was a poet, or addicted to the study of poetry, but his heart was puffed up with his own greatness."

HOME OF THE ORANG.

Scenes Witnessed In Borneo, Where These Animals Are Most Plentiful.

The great island of Borneo is the home of the orang, and one of the most noticeable features of the landscape is the nests of the orang, which are scattered about thickly among the tall trees. From their number one might get a greatly exaggerated impression of the plentifulness of the species unless it were understood how and for what purpose these roosting places were constructed. The apes are greatly annoyed by flies, from which they are able to protect the front part of their bodies with their hands, but they cannot keep the vicious insects from biting them in the rear, and so they gather a quantity of leaves and branches and make them into couches to repose against among the boughs.

A protection of this sort serves very well for awhile, but presently its material begins to decompose, and the decaying leaves attract the flies which the orang is so anxious to get rid of. Then he is obliged to make another nest of fresh stuff, and so he may require a dozen of them in the course of the year. Inasmuch as he does not take the trouble to remove the old one they remain to adorn the tree top in which he swings about. Orangs have a curious method of fighting. In their conflict among themselves, which are frequent, their effort is always to seize the fingers of their adversaries and bite them.

It is owing to this method of battle that it is almost impossible to procure a skin which does not lack some of the fingers. If defending itself against a man, the orang will always attempt to grasp the arms of his human opponent, so as to chew off his fingers. For this purpose its jaws are excellently adapted, being enormously powerful and equipped with huge incisors.

To protect itself from the rain the orang crooks its arms over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain like a thatch when the attitude thus described is assumed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Moose Made Quick Time.

"Any one who thinks a moose can't travel at a pretty lively gait is very much mistaken," remarked George T. Horton of St. Paul. "I used to be a locomotive engineer up in the northern part of my state, and one day I had an opportunity to test the speed of this animal. I was running a light freight train, and in coming around a curve saw a big moose standing directly on the track. As soon as the animal saw the engine he took to his heels right down the path between the rails. For about four miles we had a perfectly straight track, and as I had heard of the great speed of this animal I determined to test its ability. The gait of the moose was a sort of trot, such only as a moose can exhibit, his paces being about two rods in length. At first it was only a little jog, but as the engine began to gain speed the moose let himself out. Faster and faster sped the engine, but still the frightened moose trotted in the van, and all the mysterious power of steam could not prevail upon this monarch of the forest. At last after we had covered the four miles, turning a curve, we came upon a gang of section hands who were fixing the track. The sight of these men frightened the moose from the track, and he was soon lost to view in the forest."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Quaint Old White Meeting Houses.

In the midst of the prevailing craze for odd and bizarre styles of architecture it is pleasing to come across a plea for the simple and homely buildings such as contented our forefathers. William Henry Bishop, in an article in The Century, in which he gives his experience while searching for a summer home in upper New England in the form of an abandoned farm, says: "Two small white meeting houses show their Christopher Wren steeples complacently. Time has been when all these white country meeting houses alike seemed to freeze the imagination with their coldness, but times change, and we with them. The charming grace and lightness of design that many of them possess have been recognized. Their whiteness is a refreshing spot amid the greenery—in short, they are coming back into favor again, with the many other nice old fashioned things of the period, and the invasion of gothic chapels that succeeded them had better look well to the security of its domination."

He Knew His Employer.

It is said that Charles S Scanlan of the Cincinnati Enquirer—John R. McLean's paper—was once sent into a small town in the southwest to get the story of a woman evangelist who had been greatly talked about. Scanlan attended one of her meetings and occupied a front seat. When those who wished to be saved were asked to rise, Scanlan kept his seat and used his notebook. The woman approached, and taking him by the hand said, "Come to Jesus." "Madam," said the newspaper man, "I am here solely on business to report your work." "Brother," said she, "there is no business so important as God's." "Well, maybe not," said Scanlan, "but you don't know John R. McLean."—Atchison Globe.

His Narrow Escape.

It was in the far west.

"Darling!" he whispered. "After I left you last evening I walked on air!"

She met his words with a look of wonder and amaze.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "Who cut you down, Hank?"—Town Topics.

Bad as the Disease.

"I understand you've bought a dog to keep burglars away?"

"Yes."

"You are not troubled any more at night, then, I suppose?"

"Only by the dog."—London Tit-Bits.

Half Married For Half an Hour.

At Dunmow parish church the wedding of a coal porter with a young woman formerly employed at the vicarage was interrupted in a curious manner. The bride and groom were kneeling at the chancel steps for the first part of the ceremony, and as they rose to go to the communion rails to complete the rite the best man, probably thinking it was all over, hurriedly snatched a kiss from the bride in accordance with an old custom which is still observed in many country towns. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. C. C. Naters, curate in charge, was most indignant at the proceedings and ordered the wedding party to leave the church for half an hour. The partially married couple lingered about the precincts for that period of time, when the offended clergyman returned, and after admonishing the best man, who was the bride's brother-in-law, for his levity in interrupting the service in the manner he had he proceeded to finish the ceremony.—Westminster Gazette.

Has Headache No More.

Mrs. Fannie Markly of Safe Harbor, Pa., gives the following account of her terrible sufferings and happy relief: "Early last spring I was much run down with sick headache. It was so severe at times that it seemed as though I could not endure it, and I found no relief until I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. After I had taken two bottles I had the headache no more.

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The Ways and Means Committee.

We suppose there is one in every household. If not appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

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Miscellaneous

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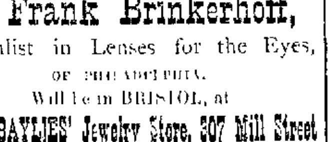

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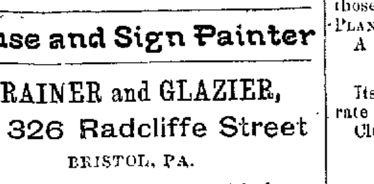

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I know of a boy that's sleepy.
I can tell it by the nodding head
And the eyes that cannot stay open
While the good night prayer is said.
And the whispered "Tell a 'tory,"
Said in such a drowsy way,
Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland,
That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling!
What shall the story be?
Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack
And the sheep he fails to see
As they nibble the meadow clover
While the cows are in the corn?
Oh, Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up,
For the farmer blows his horn.

Or shall it be the story
Of Little Bopeep I tell
And the sheep he lost and mourned for
As if awful fate befell?
But there was no need of sorrow,
For the pet that went astray,
Since, left alone, he came back home
In his own good time and way.

Oh, the pigs that went to market!
That's the tale for me to tell.
The great big pig and the little pigs
And the wee, wee pig as well.
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!
But not half as cunning is he
As this little tot of a baby pig
That can only say "Wee wee!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
The little rogue's fast asleep.
I might have stopped telling stories
When I got to Little Bopeep.
Oh, little one, how I love you!
You are so dear, so fair!
Here's a good night kiss, my baby.
God have you in his care!

—Eben E. Rexford in Youth's Companion.

THAT STOUT MAN.

In the city of Brussels a great deal of very pretty lace is exposed for sale. English women admire this lace and buy it. If they go straight from Belgium to England, they can take it home without having to pay any duty, but if they pass through France they have to pay on all their new Brussels lace at the French custom house. And many English women pass through France on their way from Belgium to England, because they prefer the short passage from Calais to Dover to the longer one from Ostend.

The Misses Wylie were charming, middle aged ladies, fond of travel, fond of dress, fond of lace and very bad sailors. They had been excursioning in Germany, had come down the Rhine and had spent a week in Brussels. More attractive than the field of Waterloo and more fascinating than the Musee Wiertz was the Galerie St. Hubert. Miss Melissa Wylie could not resist the white Brussels lace; Miss Annora Wylie could not resist the black. Each of the ladies bought; led on by the tempter, in the shape of a seductive shop woman, the Misses Wylie bought lace fichus, lace collarettes, lace by the meter. Day by day they added to their stock.

At length it was necessary to make for England and to pass through that dreadful France with its protective duties. Then they realized their position. How about the lace?

"We cannot conscientiously say," remarked Miss Melissa, "that we have rien a declarer (nothing to declare) because this lace is dutiable."

"And we dare not risk packing it," returned Miss Annora, "because they might take it into their heads to examine our boxes."

"How can we get it through?" mused the elder sister.

"We must get it through!" declared the younger sister.

Presently Annora exclaimed: "I have it! We will wear it! No duty is paid on what one is wearing."

"Yes, yes," said Melissa, "but how can we wear it? The white will get soiled and the black torn in traveling. Besides, if it looks unnatural, as it would on our dresses and mantles, the officials will be sure to notice it."

"It would not look unnatural on our bonnets," said Annora.

They set to work to decorate their bonnets with the lace. They mingled white and black, fichu and flounce, in the most skillful manner, and though the bonnets looked somewhat overdone, yet they carried the lace, and it was probable that the male eyes of the custom house officials would not notice anything abnormal.

The Misses Wylie rejoiced in their cleverness. They sat in the train on their way to France with clear consciences and light hearts. They had rien a declarer—nothing dutiable. In the compartment with them was only one other passenger, a stout man of good humored aspect, evidently, from his extreme flabby stoutness and his extreme good humor, a middle class German. Now, Germans who understand English are very sociable with their English fellow travelers. As this German did not address the Misses Wylie, they felt sure that he did not understand English, and they talked freely to each other.

"I suppose," said Melissa, "that my bonnet looks all right? It does not strike the eyes as being too much trimmed, eh, Annora?"

"Well," said Annora, laughing, "it is too much trimmed for good taste, but then on this occasion you have bad taste. What about mine?"

"Oh, quite artistic, 'a study in black and white,' as the artists say."

The ladies laughed together, full of glee at their coming triumph over the custom house officers. The German wore the fatuous grin affected by people who listen to a language which they do not understand.

At last the train slowed into Blandain station, the frontier. Out jumped the Misses Wylie with their hand baggage. They calmly awaited the approach of the officers. Out lumbered the German with his fatuous smile. He sauntered up to one of the chief of the douane.

"Rien a declarer," said both ladies.

"Eau de cologne, dentelles, tabac, spiritueux" (cologne water, lace, tobacco, spirits), the officer ran off.

"Rien, rien," said the Misses Wylie.

The man said nothing more, and the ladies, expecting the cry of, "Et voiture, s'il vous plait!" felt extremely happy.

But at that moment the official to whom the German had been speaking came up to them and said, in very fair English, "The ladies are fond of lace?"

Their hearts sank within them.

"Rather," they conceded.

"And to carry it on the bonnet is a convenient manner of avoiding the duty."

They were undone!

"But we are wearing it!" screeched Annora. Melissa panted

"Mesdames, I admire your ingenuity, but such an amount of new lace cannot be passed even on your bonnets. Two, three, five meters," he went on, measuring the unlucky lace with his eye, "fichu, flounce, etc. So many francs or I confiscate it."

"En voiture, s'il vous plait!" was heard.

The sum demanded by the officer added to what they had paid in purchase would have made the lace the dearest that ever was bought. They tore off their bonnets, pulled out innumerable pins, set free the fichus, flounces, etc., put them into the officer's hands and ran to their seats. Out of breath and out of pocket, they were most unhappy. Successful cheating is one thing, but unsuccessful cheating is another and causes sharp pangs of conscience.

"Too bad!" cried Melissa as the train moved on. "We were entitled to what we wore."

"It was that German," said Annora. "He understood English. He heard what we said. He told the official. Oh, a man may grin and grin and be a villain!"

They groaned over their misfortune. The first time the train stopped the villain entered their compartment, still grinning. They glared at him, but he still grinned. They took refuge in silence. He began to speak:

"Ladies," he said in Londonese English, "I was very sorry to have to incur your displeasure, but I felt that it was my duty to report you at the douane. You had innocently told me all about the lace on your bonnets, and for the credit of our country, for the sake of English honesty, I was constrained to point out your bonnets to that official. Can you forgive me?"

"No," said Annora.

But Melissa thought that, notwithstanding his wicked cruelty, there was something very pleasant in his smile.

"I entreat your forgiveness, ladies; more, I humbly ask a favor."

"Sir?" exclaimed Annora.

"Miss Wylie, Miss Annora Wylie"—the presuming wretch had seen their names on their luggage, even their Christian names—"you will confer a great favor on me if you will tell me your address."

Annora reddened; Melissa blushed. Perhaps he was ashamed of the cruel part he had played and was about to offer an apology; perhaps their brave and gentle endurance of misfortune had touched him; perhaps their charms had so won upon him that he wished to see more of them, with a view to—their suppositions broke off rapidly.

Annora looked at Melissa, and Melissa looked at Annora. Then the elder sister spoke. "We live at 113 Angelina gardens, Edwin square, South Kensington, S. W."

The stranger made a note of the address. Melissa was on the point of asking his name when he said abruptly, "You shall hear from me." Then he discoursed on the country through which they were passing, after which he buried himself in a Figaro and talked no more. At the next stoppage he said a brusque "Good morning, ladies," and left the compartment, and they saw no more of him.

There was a considerable flutter in the breast of Melissa, who was of a romantic turn of mind, and who could only imagine one reason why this stranger should want her address. She still believed that he was a German who spoke English remarkably well, and she had seen that he was not a gentleman, she therefore made up her mind to refuse the offer of marriage which no doubt he would shortly make.

Arrived in Angelina gardens, the Misses Wylie were occupied in arranging the household, and a couple of busy days were spent by them. On the third day after their home coming they received by the same post a parcel and a letter. Annora opened the carefully tied and sealed parcel, while Melissa read the letter. Having read it once to herself, she next read it aloud to her sister:

MESDAMES—I felt myself under a very great obligation to you the other day at Blandain. I am a very thin man, but I was swathed round with hundreds of yards of fine Brussels lace, and I thought that the best way of drawing the attention of the custom house officers from myself was to draw it to you. It was purely in self defense that I directed the raid on your bonnets. Having been the cause of the loss of your lace, I wish to make you due compensation, and I beg leave to send you some finer lace than that which you lost. I am obediently yours, YOUR STOUT FELLOW TRAVELER.

Melissa took possession of a black lace bodice and Annora of a dozen yards of white lace and a lace edged handkerchief, and they quite forgave the stout German for his cruelty and for his stoutness.—F. Bayard Harrison in Strand Magazine.

Saved Her Pearls For Other Swine.

A short time ago a colored woman appeared at Shelbyville, Ky., and announced her intention of giving a lecture and reading at one of the colored churches. A large audience assembled to hear her, but she failed to put in an appearance, but instead sent a note saying that her principal reason for her nonappearance was found in the Bible and was that she did not believe it right to "cast pearls before swine."—Philadelphia Press.

Agreeable to Neighbors.

"I'll have another pound of that butter," said Mrs. Bright, "and be sure it's the same I had before."

Grocer—Ah, glad you like it!

Mrs. Bright—Yes, indeed. Three of my neighbors who have been constant borrowers have utterly neglected me since I lent them some of that butter. I have two more borrowing neighbors, you see, and they may drop in for butter any moment.—Boston Home Journal.

Ancient Musical Instruments.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city there is an interesting collection of musical instruments of all nations, many of which belong to past centuries. They lie silently in the glass cases. The strings of mandolins and lutes that made sweet music in days gone by are broken and twisted, and the fingers that once swept them have passed away, but still the air seems trembling with melody. Imagination pictures the banquet hall, the summer nights when the troubadour sang songs under his ladylove's window, or the Bedouin camp in the desert, where the flute and guitar were played during the evening hour of repose. There are instruments here of all characters—rude violins and banjos fashioned by savage hands, and dainty lyres inlaid with gold and mother of pearl, instruments which have played their part in ancient ceremonies in faraway India and China, in the castles of the middle ages and in the African wilderness. It is interesting to note that all nations have tried to make instruments to please the eye as well as to produce sweet sounds. The stringed instruments and flutes of savage races are often grotesque and even ugly to civilized eyes, but the poor savage did his best. He carved his instruments as well as he could and also adorned it with whatever precious trinkets he had in his possession.—H. S. Conant in St. Nicholas.

Superstition.

You cannot do it. Show me the man or woman who is without superstition. Many a time and oft I jump from my bed, refreshed with a night of restful sleep, and after a plunge in my bath find myself keeping time as I rub briskly with a rough towel by whistling an air or humming a tune. Do I finish it? Not much. I try to whistle it backward or sing it backward. In any event I regret having begun the day wrong. Absurd? Of course it is absurd. No one knows it better than I, but without arguing the matter pro or con that is a sample recital of facts.—Joe Howard.

Churchill hated to correct his own poems. He said that the erasure of a line was like cutting away one's own flesh.

FOR HER.

For her the sweetest blossoms should breathe a perfume rare.
For her the tenderest music should come floating through the air.
For her the choicest pleasures should bedeck and pave the way
And brightest beams of sunlight at her feet in glory play.

For her the blushing rosebud should discard its cruel thorn
And for her heaving bosom other eager searchers scorn.
For her a pure contentment should throw its arms about
And circle her, while pleasure shuts all care and sorrow out.

For her I'd make the journey through this land of bitter tears
A lasting day of smiling love, devoid of doubt and fears.
Her path should glow resplendent, the way be like a dream.
I'd make her life with happiness like dearest heaven seem.

—Detroit Free Press.

BUD'S COPY.

The city editor opened the door and peered impatiently through the clouds of smoke rolling up over the long center table in the reporters' room.

"Did you get that story, Carleton?" he asked.

"Carleton's not in yet, Mr. Howard," one of the men replied. "He"——

But the door shut with a bang, to open a minute later, when the same worried voice inquired:

"Where's Bud? No; I suppose he isn't to be found either! Did any one ever know him to be on hand when he was wanted? Here, Bud," as the grimy faced galley and general utility boy in question came in with his proofs, "go down to the foot of F street and find Carleton. There's a wreck off the point, but it won't do us any good unless he gets here with that copy pretty soon. We go to press at 3 o'clock—in just two hours. Bud"——

He stopped with a half smile, for the boy was already part way down the stairs on his way to the street.

None of us knew exactly why we gave the weird, shriveled specimen of boyhood the name of Bud. Possibly it was because of the certainty we felt that he would never become a blossom. He was a thin shouldered, sunken chested little fellow, small even for his 12 years, with a sharp featured, unchildish face, and the suggestion of eternal croup in his voice. He had drifted into the office one stormy night about a year before the time of which I write, and although his request for "a place" had been promptly refused he had calmly staid on and become a fixture. He was not communicative about himself, and we were not particularly curious. One of the women proofreaders discovered before long that the gray rat under her desk was not a more constant habitue of the office than was Bud. He spent the hours between the time that the paper went to press and the arrival of the day men at 11 o'clock sleeping on a pile of empty mail sacks in a dark corner of the engine room, but from that time on he was alert and ready for business.

As "understudy" for Frank, the regular galley boy, he was fast picking up a knowledge of printing and had occasionally displayed a surprising amount of information regarding the general makeup of a newspaper. Strongly imbued with the idea that all things were secondary in importance and must be subservient to its requirements, nothing pleased him so much as an errand of the kind just given him by the city editor, and we all knew he would return on time if he was alive.

Carleton was a new man on the paper, a little green in the business, but with a "nose for news" and a sense of honor and the eternal fitness of things, coupled with reliability of statement. Mr. Howard had looked over his staff that night before giving the assignment.

"Get to that wreck, Carleton," he said testily. "You are the only man here who can write it up without having the waves roll mountain high." And the new reporter had torn a thick section from the block of copy paper and hurried away.

Bud found no difficulty in locating the wreck, although he could see its dark spars outlined against the sky much better by running along the water front as far as H street. The storm, which had been raging for three days and had finally caused the disaster, had subsided a trifle, and from his distance the great, black hulk seemed resting easily upon the waves. On account of the hour there were but few spectators—only the hurrying life saving crews, the patrolmen and the inevitable groups of ragged wharf rats. And Bud observed, with delight, that not another paper had a reporter on the scene. He looked around for Carleton, and some one told him that the "chap" that had been writing there for a long time, sitting on an overturned small boat, had at last righted the little craft and set off for the half submerged ship.

"He hadn't oughter either," the man continued. "This water ain't as peaceful as it looks. We had a hard pull gettin in the last trip with the passengers, and the wind is risin higher every minute."

It was true that the clouds had begun to roll again, while the lightning threw ever sharper and more jagged fangs across the sky. The crew on shore made hasty preparations to put out. There were still many people aboard the wreck—a number of them women and children. Bud was the first one in the boat.

"Come out of that, youngster," said a sailor. "Be quick with you!"

"I'm goin," cried the boy. "I've got to see Carleton—I've got to, I tell you!"

The sailor's hand was on his collar, but Bud clung to the seat with desperation, the muscles in his little hands standing out like a gladiator's.

"I've got to get something for the paper," and his voice rose to a shrill scream.

The man lifted him out, sat him—not ungently—down on the wet sand and pushed off the boat. With a fierce cry the boy was after him, clinging like a monkey to its side. The sailor loosened the boy's hands, and he dropped backward into the water. He scrambled to the shore and stood choking with impotent rage, strange oaths pouring from his lips and his frail hands beating at the air.

The wind increased in violence. The thunder was terrific, and the heavens were cut with broad, white blades. The night grew ever blacker, but he could see by the flashes that the lifeboat rolled heavily and seemed in distress. He sank down and dug his hands deep into the sand. All at once a peal of thunder shook the solid earth. A flash of lightning leaped down and seemed to lap up the sea and ships. Bud uncovered his eyes, and in a moment his shrill voice was added to the chorus of agony sent up from among the flames of the fated steamer. Lightning had struck her, and the boy had heard the sailors say that she carried a consignment of coal oil.

The light was bright enough now, and the watchers could see a small, dark object leave her luminous side and head toward shore. It was the small boat. Bud screamed in ecstasy as he saw a man—Carleton—work at the oars. The time seemed an eternity, and the boat, overcrowded as it was with women and children, seemed to make no progress. It was in danger of swamping. How long before the explosion must occur?

The boy threw himself face downward upon the beach and waited. Presently he lifted his eyes and saw the man in the boat rise and gently put back the hands that were extended toward him, as if in entreaty, and then with a long leap spring into the ocean. Bud saw him strike out with strong, confident strokes, while the boat, relieved of his weight, made a leap forward. Then there was a sudden darkening of the sky as the flames swirled downward, followed by a long, reverberating shock and roar, a glare that turned the heavens into fire, while the waves hissed around the scene with the foam at their lips stained red. There was a hurrying back and forth along the shore, the whirling of long ropes, lassolike, over the waters, and after awhile a few charred, blackened shapes upon the beach.

Bud opened the office door at half past 2.

"This is a nice time for you to show up," growled the city editor. "Where's Carleton? Did you get that copy?"

Bud approached the table slowly, fumbling in his coat with trembling hands.

"I've brought the copy," he said, his lips drawn and ashen. "It's a little wet, 'cause 'twas in his pocket, and"—the boy put his hand up to his throat and sobbed hoarsely—"you see, he—got drowned."—Grace Duffie Roe in Chicago Post.

Dummies In the Band.

Quartermaster Liebich of the Fifth regiment made a discovery once and has been careful ever since whenever he has occasion to engage a band to play martial music for the gallant boys in blue.

"I wanted to engage a brass band," said he, "and there was a certain rivalry among the boys that made it difficult to reach a conclusion. I finally made up my mind and engaged a certain band, and the next day the bandmaster of the rival organization said to me, "You watch your band tomorrow and see that they don't ring in any dummies on you." I didn't know what the man was talking about, so I asked him to explain, and he did. A light then dawned upon me, for he gave the snap deliberately away, that while leaders of certain bands collect so much per man from the people that engage them they frequently ring in people in the band that don't know a bar of music from a bar of soap. They just simply walk along with the rest of the players and nobody is any the wiser. The next day the parade took place, and I followed the advice of the other leader and watched my band carefully. It didn't take long to pick out the two dummies. They just strolled along with the brass instruments at their mouths and acted as though they played without inflating their cheeks. We had to pay for those fellows $3 apiece just the same."

"And what did you do?"

"I asked the leader to tell the two dummies to play solos."

"And they did?"

"Not by a jugful. He simply said that that wasn't in the contract, and he refused to do it. I have had my eyes opened since, and you may rest assured they don't ring in any more 50 cent dummies on me and charge me $3 for them."—Cleveland World.

An Optical Illusion.

If you want a good ending to a little party, take all the guests into the dining room and turn out the gas. Make them all sit around the table, in the middle of which place a soup plate. In the soup plate put some common salt and a little alcohol. Light the alcohol, and then look at each other's faces. They will look natural at first, but as the alcohol burns out and the salt becomes ignited the flame changes from yellow to blue, and the changes in the faces are very startling. They all take on a ghastly look. Eyes stick out, and the skin looks as though drawn tight like parchment. Then the faces become almost black, and when the flame dies out and you go out into a lighted room you unconsciously try to wipe the black off. But it doesn't come. It's all the light from the salt.—Hartford Post.

Reproductive Power of Memory.

As the child, flashing about him a bit of burning stick, may seem to make a circle of flame because the flame point moves so quickly, so memory, though it does go from point to point and dwells for some inconceivably minute instant on each part of the remembrance, may yet be gifted with such lightning speed, with such rapidity and awful quickness of glance, as that to the man himself the effect shall be that his whole life is spread out there before him in one instant, and that he, godlike, sees the end and the beginning side by side.—Maclaren.

Painters' Pickle.

Painters' pickle is used for removing old paint. It is useless to waste time and money applying good enamel paint over old paint, for it quickly cracks and grows shabby. Mix 1½ pounds of stone potash, 1½ to 2 pounds of soft soap and a half a pound of washing soda together and stir into about a gallon of water. The pickle should then be boiled till the potash is melted. Apply this with a brush; then let it stand for several hours. The work must afterward be washed thoroughly with strong, hot soda water, using no soap. This pickle may be applied equally well hot or cold. Great care must be taken in using the pickle, as it discolors the finger nails and takes the color out of anything it touches.—Boston Herald.

What's In a Name?

The custom of naming flats after their builders or owners is a growing one and sometimes results in a curious combination. Just below me are two new flathouses, built last summer. One was named "Albert," and on the plate glass front door of the adjoining one was the word "Madeira," it having been built by a patriotic gentleman who names his flathouses after various wines. But the latter was sold to a man named Hawkins, who forthwith put his own name up. So now the combination is complimentary to the old time and widely known White House coachman, "Albert Hawkins."—New York Herald.

Wouldn't Give Up His Seat.

A certain English duchess used to be quite a fixture at the casino at Monte Carlo, and if she missed getting a chair at the tables her companion would pick out a good natured looking man and whisper, "Would you be kind enough, sir, to yield your place to the duchess?" An Englishman who was carefully playing a complicated system once replied, "Not even to the queen of England!"—New York World.

A farmer near Owingsville, Ky., says he has a hen that never lays anything but double eggs. He never brings any of the eggs to market, but insists that he is using them all for setting and means to have a breed of twin hens.

Miscellaneous

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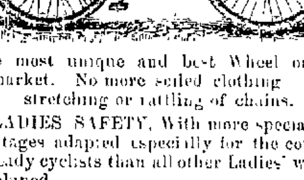

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